



Lend Him  
A Hand



## MOTHERS OF SOLDIERS

It remained for a soldier to remind us that we are not just mothers, now, we are mothers of soldiers --- "and it doth not yet appear what we shall be."

Somehow, we found the courage to send our sons away with smiles and blessings from lips that we strove to keep from quivering. Have we now that deeper courage to face the picture of where

they are today, or may be next week, next month, or next year, if we do not help to the last cent, to the last atom of our mother-love?

It is not a pretty picture for a mother to face, God knows, but we are mothers of soldiers and we must face it. Way back in the baby days when a fall brought that first streaming gash on his curly head, we had to shut our teeth and face it then in order to cleanse and heal the hurt. Today, his need is so much greater, his hurts are so much deeper.

Now that he is away from us, we catch ourselves drifting back to these baby days. We thrill again at the touch of groping velvet fingers, exploring our eyes and our lips and tangling our hair. The pressure of dimpled feet, sturdy even in their rebellious moods, stirs our pride in our man-child, and we yearn over the sight of the little yielding body grown heavy with sleep in our arms. We live over again the years of his tittle-boy-time so sheltered and wrapped in our love. Almost we lull ourselves into peace with our dreams, but we are mothers of soldiers and this is no time for such luxuries as dreams.

Caked with mud and covered with filth, splashed with the blood of his comrades, deafened by bursting shells, blinded by smoke, choked with gas fumes, aching with weariness, yet stumbling on—do we know how soon this may be a picture of the boy who is ours?

All their sacrifice and their suffering and their courage will be useless unless we can keep sending them ships and more ships loaded with arms, ammunition, food, clothing, hospital supplies, and all the paraphernalia of war.

Just as in those old days we used to plan and save and deny ourselves every pleasure to keep him supplied with knickers and blouses and toys and school books and endless pairs of little shoes and stockings—so now it is for these other, these gruesome needs that our mother-love must find a way.

It cost so little to build a ship, to make an aeroplane, to buy a gun, but we are mothers of soldiers, and if it is these they need, these they shall have. We will find a way as only mothers can.

Is it so much to ask of us, just that we go on being mothers to help our boys? A few more sacrifices, a little more self-effacement, a little more courage to go without, a little more mother-love. That is all.

This Third Liberty Loan is a call to mothers of soldiers to give as we used to give when they were our little lads—to give without counting the cost.

Every dollar invested in Liberty Bonds brings its sure return in protection for our boys, and in hurrying the day when they shall come back to us from the lurid hell of those front line trenches. Mothers of soldiers, this is our war—our boys are fighting it. It will be our VICTORY, when they have silenced the enemy for all time.

The money we invest in Liberty Bonds we are only loaning to • keep our boys alive—to bring them home.



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